

A
New-Years Offering
To His most Victorious Majesty
King WILLIAM III.

The Glorious Deliverer of *England*,
And Restorer of the *Liberties* and *Peace* of *EUROPE*.

WHILE You, Great Sir, the *British* Empire sway,
And Rule these Islands, cheerful to Obey,
Your Zealous Subjects eagerly contend,
Who shall Your Throne with earliest Thanks attend,
Down at Your Feet each Muse her Tribute lays,
And Joyful Tunes her Voice, to Sing Your Praise.
Th' Immortal Theme does Sacred warmth Inspire,
And fills each Loyal Brest with Genial Fire.

Oh! May that Life, on which depends the Fate
Of *Europe's* Happiness, and Rescu'd State,
By Heavens indulgent Care be long maintain'd,
Till more than *Nestor's* Age it has attain'd.
With Oyle Immortal may that Lamp be Fed,
That o'er the Globe does Vital Influence shed.
With the Young Sun may You Your Strength renew;
And *Destiny* to *Britains* hopes be true.
Factions be hush'd and jarring Discords cease;
And *War* submit to Universal Peace.
May all Your Kingdoms Piously Combine,
To lay their Hearts, as Offerings to Your Shrine;
Ador'd at Home, Belov'd and Fear'd Abroad,
Live safe from open Force, and silent Fraud.

To *WILLIAM's* Arms what does not *Albion* owe?
'Tis He has humbled *Europe's* common Foe.
He has our *Rights* and *Liberties* secur'd,
Our *Church* deliver'd, and our *Laws* assur'd.
How will His Name in future Annals shine,
For Actions wrought, so Wonderful and Divine?
So vast a Debt the present Age can't pay;
Then let Posterity His Praise convey.

No longer now the Trumpets Martial noise
Invades our Rest, nor interrupts our Joys.
No longer Wives for their dear Husbands Mourn,
Nor Children from their Mothers Arms are torn.

No impious Flames the Plow-man's hopes destroy,
Nor piles of Slain in Fields extended lie.
Concord, Heavens chiefest Blessing, does maintain,
Throughout the *Western* World her Peaceful Reign.
Our Swords no more with mutual Slaughter bleed,
But Pruning Hooks discarded Spears succeed.
Plenty in Triumph rides; and where she goes,
Her balmy Gifts, and happy Stores bestows.
Impartial Justice rears her Sacred Head,
And true to *Virtue*, does o'er *Rapine* tread.
Nor are these Blessings to the Land confin'd,
(For what can Bound Great *William's* Mighty Mind?)
Where e'er the *Ocean* does its Waves display,
Our floating *Castles* cut their Watery Way.
Safely the *Merchant* does his Course pursue
From *Pole* to *Pole*, and distant Shores does view:
Ransacks both *Indies* to Enrich our *Isle*,
While *Thames* Triumphant, bears the Precious Spoil.
The *Pirats*, that our Sea did late Infest,
No longer dare our well-fraught Ships molest.
Thus for our Wealth both Elements conspire,
And give all that our Wants, may Lusts desire.

Blessings like these did *Israel's* Sons possess,
When Peaceful *Solomon* their Throne did Bless.
Mov'd with whose great Exploits, and early Fame,
From the parcht *South* the Queen of *Sheba* came,
His *Palaces* and *Cities* she admir'd,
But most was with the *Royal Presence* Fir'd.
His God-like Mein did her Amazement draw,
But found Report had lessen'd what she saw.
Nor less does *Williams* Name the World Surprise,
Far distant Nations come to feed their wondering Eyes.
This drew the *Russian* Monarch to our Climes,
Here to behold the Genius of our Times.
To find true Worth, he need not farther go,
William possesseth all that's Great below.

Nor may the *Muse* Wise *Sunderland* forget,
High without Pride, without Ambition Great.
Whose stoddy Conduct with Experience Crown'd,
True to his Countreys Interest is found:
His Duty always prompted him to share
His *Royal-Masters* endless Toyles, and Care.
Well may his Name to future Ages rise,
Who Props the Throne, which Great *Nassau* enjoys.